

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Croquet*



LINA AND IDONEA.

IDONEA.

BY ANNE DEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.

"I LIKE your brother because he doesn't look like a model curate. Idonea," said Lina, one morn-
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ing, after Idonea's return to Queen's Gate. "He has neither straight shirt collars, straight waistcoats, nor straight manners. Just between ourselves, he has cut out Sir Richard Dyke. But you must not think of Sir Richard any the more, for the parentage have accepted him for Charlotte."

"Has he proposed?" asked Idonea.

"No; but he is expected to propose every day. There! I have pricked my finger, and you must finish this band. I like flannel work well enough,

PRICE ONE PENNY.

but I cannot get my needle through unbleached calico."

The two girls were in the schoolroom at work. Lina had carried out her resolution of helping Percy, and when she returned from her visit to him had asked her father for money to make clothes for Mr. Umfreville's poor. He, glad to see her usefully employed, had given it. Her maid had been dispatched to purchase the necessary materials, and they had awaited Idonea's return. Idonea had the hardest part of the work, but she did it cheerfully, while Lina congratulated herself upon having found her vocation at last. A vicarious vocation, certainly, yet better than none.

"Papa has done nothing but talk of your singing since he heard you at Mr. Somerville's," said Lina, who sat watching Idonea's fingers, as they travelled easily over the ground she had found difficult. "He says you ought to join the choir and have a prominent part in the solos. You have aroused the native jealousy, I can tell you, for when the pater speaks, he speaks. It won't do for you to cut out my amiable sisters, and still more agreeable self. But you may cut me out another flannel petticoat, and I will run the seams, for I am tired of watching you. How the flannel smells. But one must do something, though I believe going to church all day is easier than Tabitha-work after all."

"I wish you would not talk in that manner, Lina," said Idonea, beginning to cut out the petticoat.

"Then I will return to my normal state of frivolity," retorted Lina, threading a very large-eyed needle. "I will give you the history of my Christmas, though I am afraid I shall not make out as goody a diary as you have done for me."

Upon which Lina recorded all her balls, pantomimes, and juvenile amusements, which astonished Idonea.

While they were thus talking and working, Mrs. Dooner came in, followed by Madame Ronda. Idonea rose impulsively, in her pleasure at seeing the latter, but a warning glance checked the delighted greeting before it passed her lips.

"I am quite well, thank you," said Madame Ronda, quietly. "Excuse my left hand. I had the misfortune slightly to sprain my wrist, but it is nearly useable again."

Idonea had remembered Madame Ronda's desire for secrecy, and had not mentioned their interviews at her lodging. Mrs. Dooner's usually bland face and manners appeared slightly ruffled, and when she spoke, what Neville called her "triplets" ran more quickly over one another than usual.

"Madame Ronda is about to resume her lessons," she began. "She wishes you to learn the Mass, Miss Umfreville; I thought we had voices enough. Miss Charlotte's is considered a splendid soprano, and Miss Emma's a magnificent contralto, and Miss Dooner's equally fine, only she don't practise. Sir Richard said so only yesterday, and he ought to know, who understands German and Italian music, and ancient and modern, just as if—"

"He had been born singing," supplied Lina, when her mother paused for an appropriate simile.

"They all sing much better than I," said Idonea. "I am quite sure I am not equal to the music."

"We do not wish you to study it all," said Madame Ronda, with an entreating glance; "only certain parts that your voice would especially suit. Voices are so uncertain, Mrs. Dooner," she added, turning

to that lady. "A cold or hoarseness may rob us of a singer at the last moment, and we should have a *corps de r serve*. I remark that your daughters' voices are uncertain."

"I beg your pardon, madame," interrupted Mrs. Dooner. "Signor Morar is astonished at them, and calls them the prior of nightingales."

"Signor Mora cannot ward off relaxed throats, even in nightingales," returned Madame Ronda, with a touch of sarcasm that enchanted Lina. "I only alluded to a possible influenza when I used the word uncertain."

"Well, of course, Miss Umfreville and Lina must learn what you wish. Miss Umfreville is very fortunate. And as to Lina, I know she can do what she chooses."

"I would not sing a requiem for all the world, not even to be called a fourth nightingale," cried Lina.

"Why, pray?" asked her mother.

"I should think myself dead and buried."

"And I am not sure my mother would like me to—sing in public," ventured Idonea, looking timidly at Madame Ronda. "But I will write and ask her."

"Your mother, indeed! Why should she interfere? What do you mean by 'in public'?" An amateur choir! Lords and ladies, and honourables, and bishops even," said Mrs. Dooner, aroused.

"Only a minor canon, mamma. Duke calls him our 'great gun,' which I tell him is an old joke, as his mostly are. Don't alarm your mother and brother, Idon," laughed Lina.

Idonea's slight opposition to what Mrs. Dooner had herself warmly opposed produced a reaction in Madame Ronda's favour. Opposition from Lina's companion, indeed! That was contrary to Mrs. Dooner's principles. She was suddenly metamorphosed into the obedient wife.

"Mr. Dooner agrees with you, madame," she said, addressing Madame Ronda. "He says Miss Umfreville should be brought out—in public, I mean; that she would make a success."

"And her own and my fortune," broke in Madame Ronda.

"But in ballads," continued Mrs. Dooner, resuming the triplets. "Not bravura—my daughters' style. Less flowered," she remarked. "They need not clash. She shall sing one song. It may be an introduction. Then we can push her on, you know."

"But, Mrs. Dooner—" interposed Idonea.

Mrs. Dooner did not even hear her. She had changed her mind, and, looking at Madame Ronda, said she had a few words to say to her in private. As she was leaving the room Madame Ronda seized her opportunity to slip into Idonea's hand the two sovereigns she had lent her.

"Thank you. Don't refuse," she whispered, pressing her hand. Then she followed Mrs. Dooner from the room, leaving Idonea perplexed, and Lina in fits of laughter.

Idonea's perplexity increased as the day went on. She and Lina were joined in Kensington Gardens by Sir Richard Dyke. He walked by Lina's side, and appeared to be merely amused by her childish sallies, as he was pleased to call them, to her mother and sisters; but his looks were for Idonea, though he scarcely addressed her. Lina was so much excited, and talked so loud and fast, that when he left them Idonea ventured to remonstrate.

"I am sure Mrs. Dooner would disapprove," she said.

"Your turn to be jealous now!" retorted Lina. "Charlotte says I am only a child, when I tell her his affections are transferred from her to me."

Idonea half suspected that Sir Richard Dyke was playing at fast and loose with Charlotte Dooner. But she did not know that he had been reported her lover some years before, and that Charlotte was really attached to him. Neither did she know that he was said to have been married abroad and to be now a widower. However, Idonea, in her simplicity, tried to think that his manners and glances towards herself were meaningless; nevertheless, she resolved to tell Mrs. Dooner of their frequent meetings the first opportunity. It soon occurred.

Mrs. Dooner came to the schoolroom when she and Lina were at tea, to tell Lina that she was to accompany her and her sisters Charlotte and Emma to the Monday Popular that evening at Sir Richard Dyke's particular request, who had brought them two tickets in addition to their private subscription.

"He met us in the Gardens this morning, and walked with us," said Idonea, bravely.

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Dooner, looking pleased. "He said as much. He is so fond of little Lina—'his sprite' he calls her. All on Charlotte's account. You can practise, Miss Umfreville."

"If I may write to my mother instead," said Idonea.

"Just as you please," returned Mrs. Dooner.

"Much you have got by that!" cried Lina, clapping her hands when her mother left the room. "But I admire your courage, and wish you were coming too."

As soon as the tea-things were removed, and Lina went to dress, Idonea began her letter, but she was soon interrupted by Lina, who begged her to come and fasten certain of her bows, because Marks had no taste. Idonea complied, and by a touch here and there improved Lina's appearance so perceptibly, that "the sprite" danced with delight before her looking-glass, exclaiming, "Charlotte may as well give it up. She will lose all chance of being your ladyship."

When Lina had departed, Idonea again seated herself at her desk. She sat awhile pen in hand, lost in reflection. A post-office order for five pounds, which Marks had procured for her that afternoon, lay on her desk, and was to be enclosed in her letter when written. The first money she had earned would thus be doubly blest, by the giving and receiving. But what if she lost her situation? She felt intuitively that she was more popular with the gentlemen than the ladies, and this by no fault of her own. She never, willingly, thrust herself upon any one, yet she attracted attention. She wished herself again with Percy; but even to the East End, gentlemen of the West could go. This reflection brought Neville vividly before her and she found herself wondering whether he would ever come to Queen's Gate again, and if so, should she see him?

"He is so much to be pitied!" she sighed, as she wrote, "My dearest mother."

She had scarcely done so, when Duke Dooner entered.

"Alone at last," he said, and seated himself. "I have something to tell you."

"I must write for to-night's post," said Idonea, flushing with annoyance.

"Plenty of time. The mail will not leave till to-morrow," returned Duke.

"Still I must write to-night," replied Idonea, decidedly. "And if you do not mind, I would rather do so at once."

"But I do mind, unless you will finish up quickly while I wait. I have something to say to you."

"I cannot write with you in the room, Mr. Duke. Perhaps you will kindly say what you wish at once."

"And then take my departure?"

"Yes, if you please."

"But I do not please. What I want to say, however, is, that the governor and I have gained the pitched battle. You are to join the choir, and learn the soprano solos, and astonish everybody. It was settled at dinner, and Sir Richard Dyke prevailed even on Charlotte to give you a trial. How spooney she is! What do you think he said? Why, that every one else would only act as a foil for her."

"I do not think I shall be a foil."

"I should think not, indeed. Why, at Mr. Somerville's you looked prettier than any girl I ever saw in my life."

"And you have seen a great many, Mr. Duke. Thank you for your good opinion of my outward man, but you must have a very poor one of the inward if you think I believe it. You must now have said all and more than you intended, and you must let me write my letter."

Duke continued his compliments till Idonea rose, for the Percy spirit fired up within her, while her natural freedom of speech, so long restrained, came with it. She snatched up her letter and post-office order, hastily closed her desk, and said, as she stood a moment before Duke, "You have stopped at home because you knew I was alone, to say these ridiculous words to me, and that in your own house, Mr. Duke Dooner! I have always heard that a true gentleman would never take advantage of an unprotected girl, and I am here alone to-night. You would not have dared to come here during Lina's absence if your mother and sisters had been at home. You forget that I am as much a lady as they, though reduced to become a— a companion, a dependent, by circumstances."

Idonea turned and walked towards the door.

"I vow I had no intention of hurting your feelings or offending you," cried Duke, rising, and hurrying after her.

But Idonea was too quick for him, and the door was closed before he reached it, and while he stood ruminating over an offence he had not meant, she ran up to her room and locked herself in.

It happened that Mr. Dooner was ascending the staircase just as the schoolroom door shut loudly, and seeing Idonea's retreating figure, he paused when he came to the landing, looked up through the spiral staircase to the next storey, and perceived Duke just emerging from the schoolroom. He called him, and father and son went together into the ante-room.

"You had better mind your behaviour to that young lady, Duke," said Mr. Dooner. "Remember, she is the sister of my friend Somerville's curate, and under my protection as long as she is in this house. Your mother says you are too much in the schoolroom, and has asked me to interfere. But you know how I hate interference and bugbearism. I have enough worry in making money to supply all this grandeur, and don't need more at night, when I require rest."

Your mother expects you all to marry lords and ladies. I don't. But I do want a quiet life. So, I repeat, let alone that nice girl, or you will get her a short and sharp dismissal."

Mr. Dooner went to bed, and Duke to his smoking, where he meditated unpleasantly on his father's words.

CHAPTER XX.

Sing maiden,—gentle maiden! Sing for me, sing to me;
With a heart not overlaiden, nor too full of glee.

—Barry Cornwall.

THE resolution to act according to duty does not always produce the expected result at once, still it will triumph in the end. Idonea had but one object in view, that of doing what was right, yet she was misconstrued. She did not realise this; but she realised that she had entered upon a new world, the inhabitants of which she did not understand any more than they understood her. She had a frank, trusting nature, that believed others as true as herself; and she found that in life there was, so to say, strata of character below strata, so deeply embedded that it was as hard to find the native characteristics of individuals as the original formation of the rocks. She was already learning not to judge superficially.

She had at first been inclined to like Duke Dooner, and to believe him frank as herself. She now esteemed him deceitful and ungentlemanlike. He had evidently remained at home while his parents thought him out, and he had remained to say things to her which, according to her notions of propriety, were fulsome and unseemly. She began to question her own conduct as well as to review that of her new acquaintances. The result was not entirely satisfactory.

"I wish I had never left Northumberland," she said to herself; "yet my poor post-office order will help them at home; and how thankful the children were for Lina's presents. I must not be ungrateful. But I will not speak to Duke Dooner again; and I cannot sing in public, even if mother should permit me. I will write and tell her all."

Idonea sat down to her small writing-table. The room was cold, for she had declined a fire. She had not wished to lose her hardy health through luxury. But the chill checked her ideas and numbed her fingers, so she struck a match and lighted her fire, thus recalling Madame Ronda's children. The memory brought self-accusation, and she reproached herself for reflecting on Madame Ronda, whose double-dealing—as she was inclined to call it—had probably been gendered by maternal love. People should be candid with the young if they wish them to preserve their own candour.

That Idonea's experience had not, as yet, injured her character, was evident from her letter. She told her mother frankly that the five pounds she enclosed had been earned in her capacity of companion, and that she trusted she would not hastily resent her accepting it. She gave the history of the choir, and the request that she should learn certain parts in case she should be needed to join in a rehearsal or performance; and, finally, she mentioned Mr. Dooner's desire to fit her for a public singer. Here she paused to ask herself if she should like such a career, and her mental question was answered by an emphatic "No. Not even to make my own and Madame Ronda's fortune." Still, reflecting further, she tor-

mented herself by wondering whether her one talent—her voice—was given her to be a help and support to her mother and the rest of her family; for she had heard that some singers had not only been private but public benefactors.

She was still writing when Lina returned from her concert and came to her room to detail the events of the evening, winding up by saying that she half believed Sir Richard had proposed for Charlotte, and had meant one ticket for Idonea.

"But he likes me best, and paid me all sorts of compliments," she added, glancing at her bright face in the glass. "And he asked me what I had done with my 'little companion!' It is so amusing! They all call you that now, even papa."

"Then I wish they would not, for I don't like it," said Idonea.

"Shall I call you my big companion instead?" asked Lina, maliciously.

"You can call me Idonea, or Miss Umfreville," she replied.

"Good night, Miss Umfreville," said Lina, with a mocking curtsy, as she left the room.

"How foolish I am!" ejaculated Idonea. "And what can it matter? Still they have no right to call me behind my back what they would not call me to my face."

During the remainder of the week she felt as if she were in disgrace. Lina was huffy, Duke avoided her, Mrs. Dooner was distantly polite, and the Miss Dooners spoke little to her. They were, indeed, all more or less jealous of her. They could not but be aware that she attracted attention, small as were her opportunities, and they resented the fuss Mr. Dooner had made about her voice. She practised the music, nevertheless, and longed more and more for Northerly breezes or East End smoke. Sunday was a day of trial to her. She had been accustomed to keep it literally as "a day holy to the Lord." Church services, Sunday school teaching, singing of hymns and reading of religious books with her brothers and sisters, had alternated, and it had been her happiest day. The Dooners, like many other people, passed it differently, and maintained that it was a day of rest, and not "austerity," as they chose to call it, knowing nothing of its blessedness as a "day of rest and gladness." Idonea had done her best, and not unsuccessfully, to influence Lina, who yielded more to example than argument. Lina was reflective, and could not but allow that a religious Sunday was better than a secular. So she would occasionally read with Idonea, or join in a hymn, saying that it had at least the effect of keeping her from yawning, and she knew all the stories beforehand.

They were so engaged on the Sunday after Lina's concert when Miss Charlotte Dooner favoured them with a visit. She was dull, and hearing music in the schoolroom, did its inmates the unusual honour of entering it.

"I want you to come and practise the Mass with me," she said to Idonea.

The request was as unexpected an honour as the visit, and startled Idonea. She answered abruptly,

"Not on Sunday, thank you, Miss Charlotte. I never practise on Sunday."

"Why, it is sacred music! You are singing hymns at this moment," returned Charlotte. "Do you think I should ask you to do anything wrong?"

"Oh no! But I have never been accustomed to practise on Sunday," persisted Idonea.

"What is the difference between what you are doing now and playing through the Mass?"

"We are singing praises to God; that would be studying for—a public exhibition."

"It is not likely you will be required to become a public exhibition," said Charlotte, with irritation, "so you can look upon it as a religious exercise."

"Oh no, Miss Charlotte, for I am a Protestant. I understand you to undertake it as a great work of art, not as a religious ceremonial, like the Roman Catholics. They believe in it—we do not. Indeed, I cannot practise it to-day. I scarcely think, on consideration, that I should like to join in certain portions of it at all."

"You are very strait-laced, Miss Umfreville. When I ask you again you shall not refuse," and she left the room.

"Brava! I never saw her circumvented before!" cried Lina, clapping her hands. "You are bolder than I thought, Idonea."

"I am sorry to have offended Miss Charlotte," said Idonea, thoughtfully. "I seem to be offending every one."

"Except me. I really begin to believe in you," replied Lina, taking up a book. "See, this is strictly religious."

The next morning Idonea received a letter from her mother. Mrs. Umfreville wrote decidedly. She did not use any superfluous words, but gave her daughter at once to understand that she, an Umfreville and a Perey, should never appear in public.

"We will starve first," ran the letter. "As regards what you call the amateur choir, I also request that you will not join it. You shall make no public exhibition of yourself. Thank Mr. and Mrs. Dooner for their kind intentions, and say that I—your mother—object to all publicity for you. I am told that the girls of the present age are dissatisfied with privacy; if the mania has seized you, pray return here to be cured. As to the money—you know what I feel. I wish I could be, as some mothers, thankful for my child's earnings. I will try."

Here the letter broke off abruptly, and Idonea understood that her mother was struggling to bear what had been already done, and therefore was not to be undone.

When Mrs. Dooner came, after breakfast, to settle the order of daily studies, she said Madame Ronda would be there at twelve. Idonea felt that her little ordeal must be passed at once, and began, with beating heart, the subject of the letter.

"I have heard from my mother, Mrs. Dooner," she said.

"Yes—about Mr. Dooner's idea of your appearing in public. A great expense. He proposes to help. You must be artful."

"My mother does not wish me to sing in public."

"What next?" cried Mrs. Dooner, aroused from polite language by opposition.

"Is your mother a marquis or a queen? Can she afford to rule the world, with one child a poor curate, and another a companion?"

"No; but she rules me, and I wish to obey," said Idonea.

"Oh, of course; you know best. Your mother is well off, I suppose; I wonder she let you come here."

"No; we are all poor," returned Idonea.

"And the choir? I suppose she feels honoured. Only lords and ladies and the aristocracy; and Mr. Dooner puts you in, entrance fee and all."

"It is very kind, but—" began the overwhelmed Idonea and paused, tears in her eyes.

"But what, Miss Umfreville?"

Here Lina, who had been burning to speak, broke in. "You have it all your own way, mamma. My sisters and you objected to her joining the choir—so young, you know; so pretty; so panting for admiration—and her mother agrees with you. If she is allowed to join, of course I shall join too. I have quite as much voice as little Miss Pierpoint, though she is an honourable."

"My darling! a child in the schoolroom!"

"As old as Idonea; not so much voice, but on the whole quite as attractive. 'More *espiègle*,' Sir Richard says."

It was now Mrs. Dooner's turn to be overwhelmed, and she hurried away to consult her daughters.

"Thank me for getting you out of that scrape," said Lina.

But the crisis was not yet past. Mrs. Dooner soon reappeared, accompanied by Madame Ronda and the three Miss Dooners. Their consultation had resulted in a resolution to conquer Idonea and her mother's improper pride.

"Ungrateful!" was their stigmatic adjective; but Idonea stood firm.

"I must obey my mother," she said, "and I could never sing in public. I am much obliged for all your kindness, and so is my mother. Miss Charlotte sings much better than I do, and is not nervous. I should break down at the first note."

"But we just want your voice for a particular part," said Madame Ronda, whose pale and rather stern face touched Idonea much more than the reproaches.

"Indeed I am sorry, but I cannot do it," returned Idonea.

"You can scarcely expect to have singing lessons if you never give us the benefit of your voice," said Miss Dooner, severely.

"I know several ladies of position who sing in public, and for money," argued Miss Emma. "I should never think you nervous."

"And we all sing for charity," said Miss Charlotte.

"Yes; even Miss Dooner!" added her mother.

"Charity *harmonizeth* a multitude of shrieks," muttered Lina.

Still Idonea maintained her resolution. This was not easy, surrounded as she was by those formidable ladies, all seated while she was standing. Madame Ronda was at the piano, but had turned round to face the others. Idonea stood near her, with her back to a high whatnot, surmounted by a bust of Beethoven. What would the immortal master have thought of her contumacy? The well-dressed Mrs. Dooner sat upright in the easy-chair by the fire, her high Dolly Varden cap nodding awfully; her eldest daughter on a low seat opposite; Emma and Charlotte at the table, and Lina on the hearthrug, tormenting her pug. All eyes were turned on Idonea.

"We only interrupt the lessons. It does not really signify," said Mrs. Dooner, when she found that her mission had failed. "It was for your good. Mr. Dooner will be annoyed, for he meant to serve you, but your mother knows best, I suppose."

She rose majestically and left the room, followed by her Graces, who were at heart pleased that this youthful rival should not compete with them.



RUSSIA AND CHINA.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROSS, AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF COREA."

THE relations between Russia and China have long been in a strained condition. War has almost broken out, and the re-appearance of Colonel Gordon in the empire once saved by his valour and wisdom is an event of great importance. Happily, Colonel Gordon's wishes are not for glory, but for duty in its highest sense, and he will doubtless do all in his power to effect a peaceful solution, if peace is now possible.

What the Chinese know or think of the Russians one is curious to learn. There is a chapter in that interesting Chinese work, called "The Holy Wars of the Manchus," which gives a full account of the intercourse of Russia with China up to the point when that book was written, which was during our last war with China. Russia and China were first made acquainted with each other's existence only when they both became parts of the kingdom of the triumphant Mongol Genghis Khan. Even after the Buddhist monk drove the Mongols back into their wild deserts, the distracted Russian tribes remained under the Mongol yoke. That yoke was at length broken. Russian power, after much fighting, became more and more consolidated, and found an outlet for its growing energy along the north of Mongolia and Manchuria, till it was stopped by the western shore of the Pacific. That progress was not uninteresting to China, which was during all that time mistress of Mongolia. The account given of the Russian people is highly flattering to them. "The mountains, streams, cities, and fortifications of Russia; her men, fauna, cereals, and pasturage; her manners and customs, inoculation, colonial possessions and territorial arrangements; her commanders, soldiers, and military stations are, generally speaking, precisely similar to those of China. Her country produces the finest horses, her soldiers make the best cavalry, and are armed with the most excellent firearms existing."

The reigning dynasty of China is the Manchu, which originated in a small glen among the southern hills terminating the "Long White Mountain" range. The able and ambitious chief of this petty tribe soon consolidated a compact and very aggressive kingdom in Liaotung. From Mookden, the capital, a detachment of Manchu soldiers was sent north to the Amoor, which attacked and took two Russian forts. The forts were demolished, and as the country was an unoccupied waste, the Manchus returned to their homes. The Russians, however, rebuilt the forts, and occupied a larger area of territory than before. The Manchus were then in Peking, and straining all their resources to complete the conquest of China. This done, they sent an army, and various subsequent detachments, to drive out the Russians. The forts seem to have been much more solidly built

and better protected the second than they were the first time, for the Chinese were apparently afraid to come to close quarters. The commander gave an insufficient commissariat as his apology for non-success.

But as the Chinese Government rarely, if ever, fails to do its duty in the commissariat department, we must find the true apology in another history, which relates that "the *Locha* (Russian) soldiers were brave and ferocious, and their firearms terrible. They had a 'Western-melon' cannon (mortar), which sent its ball from a distance of several *li* into the camp of the enemy, where it burst." The Jesuit missionaries had long been casting cannon for the rival claimants for the Chinese throne, but had evidently not acquired the art of shelling. The Russian positions were therefore all but impregnable, for the noise and wounds from bursting shells were more formidable to the Chinese soldiers than cannon-balls, with which they had been familiar for twenty years before.

There had been several Russian mercantile expeditions to Peking, by means of which the Chinese Government attempted, but in vain, to bring to a close the Russian "robberies" in the far north. The most famous of these expeditions was that of Nicholas, who, because he could not declare peace without reference to St. Petersburg, was retained a virtual prisoner in Peking.

"Tribute-bearers" from Holland had also appeared at the Chinese court, and as they represented themselves to be neighbours of Russia, they were given a letter from the "Emperor of the World" to the Khan of Russia. Peter the Great had died, and his successor replied to this missive that she was aware that China touched the extreme east of her dominions, but Russia was unable to pay attention to so remote a place as the regions of the Amoor, when she had to fight Sweden and Turkey. Messengers were sent by sea to Peking, who stated that, though his Imperial Majesty of China had forwarded several letters to Russia, not one of them had ever been read! The Russian Khan had, however, ordered an official to go overland to define, along with any official commissioned from Peking, the strict limits of their bordering empires. These messengers also "prayed that the siege of Yaksa might be raised." The emperor replied to the prayer by saying that only by deeds founded on the principles of propriety could friendship continue or exist. He complained bitterly that the Russian soldiers pillaged, "far and near," on Chinese soil, interrupted the tribute-bearers of sables from the Solon country, welcomed Chinese deserters, and took possession of hundreds of miles of land along the Amoor.

Because Yaksa had not fallen, the Chinese com-

mander was severely censured and superseded in 1685. The new commander had to march through a dreary, unoccupied country, covered with forests of enormous extent in the north of Manchuria. He built the forts which are now the cities of Mergen and Tsitsihar. He established ten military stations as posts to facilitate intercommunication; his soldiers were let loose on the fields and granaries of the Russians; the Mongol Karka was forbidden to hold any communications with the Russians; and, after all necessary preparations were completed, the Chinese crossed the Amoor on the thick ice of early winter, and laid siege to Yaksa. The attack was fierce, as the defence was stubborn; but the fort, formerly reported impregnable, fell before this commander. The garrison were permitted to retire and take with them their wives and children; but seven Russians, who had been captured before the fall of the city, were taken to Peking; they remained in Peking for some time, and made the foundation of the Russian Residencies in that city; for ever since that imprisonment there has always been a Russian "mission" in Peking, partly ecclesiastical, mainly political.

The frontier troubles ended when a treaty was made between the two powers defining the Argun and Amoor as the division between Manchuria and Eastern Siberia. The captured forts were to remain in the possession of the Chinese; and a market was established at Koolun in the east of Karka;—the principal market has always been in Kiachta. An interesting account is given of this treaty, in Du Halde's history, by two Jesuit priests who were sent north by the Emperor of China to act as interpreters in case the Russians used "Latin, or any other European language."

In the eighteenth century there was considerable commotion among the Eluth tribes of Central Asia. Oftener than once was there an attempt, made by an Eluth chief, to imitate the example of Genghis Khan. The Chinese were, however, always successful in easily putting down those disturbers of the peace; and as the fugitives fled to Russia for shelter, China once and again closed her tea markets against Russia.

It was in 1805 that the young Emperor of Russia sent the first ambassador to China. He got no farther than the frontier of Siberia, however, for the "etiquette was not suitable." He refused doubtless to perform the *kowtow*, which ignominious ceremony had been observed by all former Russian mercantile embassies, as well as by the Dutch and the Jesuits. From among a great deal of curious information given by the Russians to the Chinese, we may note the fact that a pretty accurate account is given of our conduct in India and of our first Afghanistan war. The Chinese author, smarting under the defeats inflicted on his country by our forces in the opium wars, expresses his pleasure at the certainty of serious difficulties between England and Russia on the subject of India, which he curiously calls the "waking thought and the sleeping dream of Russia." He gives the Hindu Kush as the great battle-ground between the two. He shows how Russia urged China to carry on the war against England by sending an army into India *via* Nepaul, long the vassal of China. And only in accounting for the failure of that Russian plan does he express greater suspicion of the aggressive designs of Russia than of England. He declares that it was the thoroughness and ease of

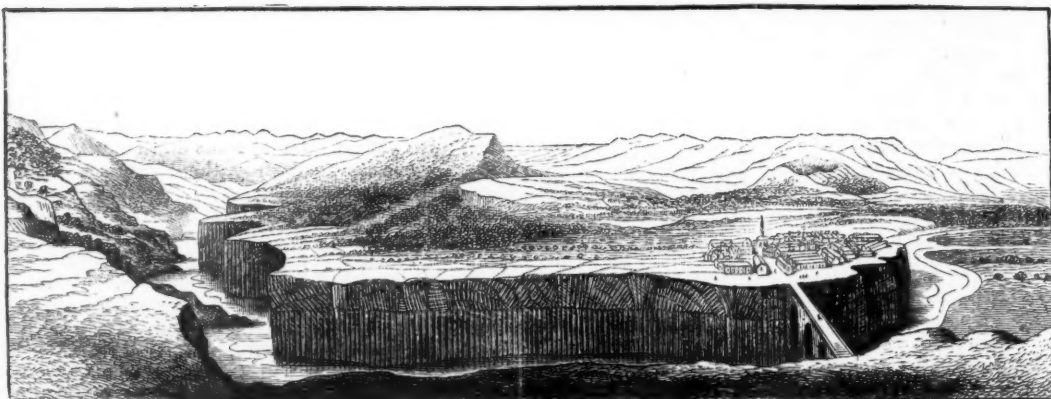
Kienlung's victory over the Central Asiatic states which made Russia for two centuries afraid to meddle with the frontier.

This was all the more gratifying to Chinese pride, then so humiliated by English troops, that they believed Russia to be the terror of all the Western nations. "She was the first of Western nations in drill, firearms, and fighting. Other nations envied and feared her because of her notable victories. In 1690 England sent a fleet against her through the Mediterranean. The Russians occupied the banks; retreat was cut off. Great rains and snow were sent down by heaven to destroy the English fleet, and large multitudes perished. The English Wang had to flee home by the north of Turkey! Again, in 1808, Napoleon, the Wang of France, at the head of 130,000 French and 50,000 men from his tributary dominions, marched to destroy Russia. This host marched upon the capital. Taking advantage of a snowy night, the capital was set on fire in several places. The wind was wild, the flames were mad, and Napoleon's men fled in terror, most of them perishing. Thence dates the great dread of Russia among Western nations."

No sooner was China thoroughly prostrated, and her armies shattered in the war with us, than Russia forced on another frontier treaty, by which she flched away from China those extensive and rich regions north of Corea, and known as the Maritime Provinces—the original home of many of the Manchus now ruling China. We do not profess to be able to decide as to what is the policy of Russia, if she has any, in her aggression. It may be that she is unable to restrain her military nobility, desirous of distinction and of pay. She may be thinking of India, or of Constantinople by way of India, or of the far richer lands of China. But she surely must desire something sufficient to meet all her large outlay, which is meantime thrown away, after being wrung from her taxpayers, on the wild regions of Central Asia. If she could take China, it would repay all her expenses, however large, and repay them with great interest; but she cannot.

The consistent policy of China towards Russia has continued to be one of caution arising from fear. Except that desultory fighting on the Amoor the two powers have not crossed swords; nor would they now be at war if China could receive reasonable concessions from Russia. The province of Ili or Kulja, in Central Asia, now the bone of contention between the empires, has with few interruptions been for full twelve centuries under Chinese rule. The formidable Taiping rebellion in China gave Ili and other Central Asiatic states liberty to proclaim their freedom. With Ili some Russian merchants had long been carrying on profitable business; but they were ruined by the revolution. The Russian minister in Peking then informed the Chinese Government that Russia would keep the peace in Ili till China was able to reoccupy it, when it would be handed over to the ancient owner. China soon afterwards reconquered Kashgar and the other revolted states, and desired Russia to implement her engagement. Russia refused, though China agreed to pay the costs of conquest. Hence the threatened war, the issue of which it is difficult to forecast. We can only say that Russia will find an antagonist more powerful and wary than the Chinese were in 1860. The Chinese soldier has in all ages known how to die; for many years he has been learning how to fight.

EXCURSIONS INTO THE CEVENNES.



The neighbourhood of Jaujac (Ardèche), showing cone of extinct volcano, and range of columnar basalt, 200 feet high.—From Scrope's "Central France."

I.

TO the French Protestant who has a soul for the glorious traditions of his church, the Cévennes are sacred soil. The whole land has been watered by the tears and the blood of Protestant martyrs and heroes. Its austere rocks have everywhere resounded with their groans, their prayers, their hymns, their exhortations, and their war-cries. Between the Lozère and the sea, from the upper Herault and the Vidourle to the Rhone, almost every mile has been the scene of some tragic story: an execution or a massacre, a fight *à l'outrance*, or a town surprised and burnt. And, strange to say, the soil which gave birth to a whole army of religious heroes has itself a truly Biblical aspect. No one can enter the south of France, especially the country within the boundaries just defined, and not think of the Holy Land. The olive, the fig-tree, and the vine; the solitary shepherd or shepherdess, with their mingled flocks of sheep and goats; the sheep, black, white, and brown; the ruined wells and garden walls of stone; the olive gardens, with a lodge in their midst; the bare and sterile rocks, amongst which one is singled out and covered with flat stony-looking buildings; terraced hills rising higher and higher into frowning peaks or monotonous plains stretching to a seashore, lined with salt-lakes and unhealthy marshes, the haunt of strange birds: every feature of the landscape recalls at once the land of Judea and the Dead Sea.

But if the traveller approaches the Cévennes from the north he will come at once on far grander scenery. The geography of France has indeed a peculiar charm. Elisée Reclus, in the fascinating chapter with which in his "Nouvelle Géographie Universelle" he opens the volume devoted to his own land, has given a map of the *Voies historiques* in which the great central plateau of France appears like a vast granite citadel, surrounded on all sides by strategic lines. This immense natural citadel, occupying as it does a sixth part of France, and containing about 170 to 180 square miles, commences to rise gradually from the north-east in a series of monotonous plains. Ere long, however, this dull scenery changes into a chaos of extinct volcanoes,

their craters many hundreds of feet above the sea-level, the lava bare and uncovered as when ages ago it poured forth from their gaping mouths and sides.

Tremendous rents which opened up in their agony now form sinuous and colossal gorges down which pour cascades, streams, and rivers; the sides of the gorges being sometimes lined with columns after the fashion of the Giant's Causeway, while their ridges are forked, peaked, and tossed about as if they were the vast ruins of the fortresses and battlements of a race of Titans. This savage and almost terrible landscape is relieved by scarcely a sign of human life. Here and there a small dark town, built of granite slag and bituminous-looking stone, appears among the rocks, while rare hamlets, composed of a few miserable huts, try to find a shelter in the valleys or under the rocks. The population is so scarce that in some parts there are not more than from seven or eight inhabitants to a square mile.

Advancing south-west, this platanic region alters into immense plateaux of Jura limestone ever inclining upwards, though on so vast a scale as to appear a dead level. These great plains, separated from each other by deep gorges, and each surrounded by a shelf of granite, are called *Causees*. On their surface thousands of sheep eat the scanty herbage, total abstainers from all drink, since every drop of water that falls filters at once through the many fissures in the limestone on to the granite below. Here collecting in deep recesses, the water bubbles up in springs, and pouring over the sides of the shelf in cascades, renders the gorges luxuriant with chestnuts, oaks, elms, and, where they widen out sufficiently, with fields of waving corn. Then human life appears; cottages are seen clustering sometimes into villages.

Ever increasing in volume, these mountain torrents unite to form rivers which supply motive power; factories rise, industries are created, and towns built. Rising step by step, like some giant staircase, this lofty region terminates at last in a long range of mountains, extending from the Jura to the Pyrenees. The whole of this range is geographically described as

the system of the Cevennes, but ordinarily the name is limited to its southern portion. The northern part, from Lyons to the Lozère, is known as the Vivarais, and nowhere is the idea of a Titanic citadel better realised than in the magnificent way their scarp and precipitous sides fall down into the Rhone.

Approached from the south-east, the outworks of the Cevennes are anything but agreeable to the eye, being nothing but huge boulders of limestone, white, blinding, and bare, save for a few stunted shrubs

We will therefore confine ourselves here to the other routes which may be taken, the starting-points of which for travellers returning from the Maritime Alps would be Nîmes; for those from the Pyrenees, Béziers. Montpellier, as lying midway between Béziers and Nîmes, would be good as a starting-point for every route.

Béziers, like Nîmes, is full of interest. Its origin is said to date from times coeval with Solomon, before the Celtic invasion, and when this coast was entirely



THE CEVENNES BETWEEN BÉZIERES AND ST. PONS.

which grow between the rocks, altogether an aspect more African than European. However, this portion of the journey may be passed in a few hours by rail, and the traveller soon finds himself well rewarded for his pains.

There are three ways by which the Cevennes may be penetrated by rail. That from Nîmes to Alais has the advantage of being on the direct route to Paris through the Auvergne district, the heart of the great central plateau just described. From Alais many scenes of natural beauty and of Camisard association may be visited, but as this way of seeing the Cevennes has already been so well described by Dr. Smiles in four articles to be found in "Good Words" for 1870, it would be a work of supererogation to retrace his steps.

occupied by the Iberian race, with a few points frequented by Phœnician traders. In Roman times the high road from Italy to Spain, called the Domitian way, passed through it, and as it stood in a commanding position, built on a scarpd rock overlooking the lower valley of the River Orb, it was one of the principal stations on the route. The inexhaustible wealth of its soil was famous centuries before our era. The greater part of the plain and all the hill were covered with the vine which Greek traders planted everywhere. The wine of Betarra was much prized in the days of Pliny for its purity, being neither coloured nor decocted. Often ruined by passing conquerors, Béziers owes its continued revivals and present prosperity to the same causes as obtained it a name and a fame two or three thousand years ago.

Its wines and brandies are still the chief sources of wealth.

Béziers has been so often put to fire and sword that it has few antiquities. Murviel, a neighbouring village, is far more curious in this particular, since it is surrounded by cyclopean walls of Roman origin. Of Middle Age architecture, the most interesting remains in Béziers are the churches of St. Nazaire and La Madeleine. The former was the principal scene of the atrocious massacre which took place in the Albigensian Crusade, when on the capture of Béziers the soldiers, unable to distinguish between the heretics and the faithful, were ordered by the Abbot of Cîteaux to slay all, since the Lord would know His own. The result was the extermination of the whole male population of the town, the Biterroise women being distributed among a regiment of Arragonese left to re-people the town.

Béziers stands to-day in one of the most Catholic districts of France. Out of a population of 31,450, this city, once so anti-Catholic, numbers to-day only 500 Protestants, with one *pasteur*, one temple, one Sunday-school with thirty-five scholars, two day-schools for girls and boys, about twenty in each, a college with twelve pupils, a mutual aid society, numbering sixty members. This little community is practically isolated, no other Protestants existing within fifteen to twenty miles. Around it is a vast Roman Catholic population, well supplied with priests, friars, nuns, and sisters of charity. The *arrondissement* is about twenty-five miles square, divided into twelve parishes, with ninety-five chapels of ease, scarcely one being destitute of a priest. There are about twenty-five religious communities to help them.

From Béziers to Castres, and on to Montauban, there is a high road uniting the Mediterranean with the lower portion of central France. This road, as may be seen from our illustration, affords some magnificent views of the grandeur of Cevennol scenery, crossing over valleys by high viaducts or through mountain passes, as it does at St. Pons. In one of the valleys the traveller will see St. Chinian, a village which, as well as St. Pons, is supported by the manufacture of cloth, the mills of both places being turned by abundant springs, which gush out of the rocks. St. Pons, though up so high in the mountains, has a population of 6,000. It stands in a pretty valley, surrounded by lofty mountains. The valley is traversed by the Jaur, from whose banks looking north may be seen the lofty summits of the mountains of the Espinouse and of Mont Caroux, rising in grand and seemingly inaccessible peaks. In the neighbourhood of St. Pons are several marble quarries—white, black-and-white, and red-and-white. Several of the houses and the church are built of this beautiful material. This portion of the Cevennes forms the south-eastern extremity of the great central plateau; and here, as it faces the Mediterranean, it attains some of its highest altitudes. Here is the ridge called Montagne Noir, of which one of the most elevated portions, called Mont de Nore, still partially covered with the forests, is, according to M. Reclus, the spot from which the whole of this district obtains its name, Cevennes, being derived from the Celtic word "Cefn" (back), *i.e.*, the highest portion of the country, answering to the crupper in an animal.

The railway will take the traveller in two directions from Béziers into the Cevennes, either twice across

their crests to St. Affrique or Millau, or along their feet to Clermont, l'Hérault, and Lodève.

The former will of course be the route. The first portion of the railway passes through a mass of mountains where all sorts of geological formations appear tossed about in hopeless confusion, the result no doubt of volcanic agency. Once over the ridge of the Cevennes, the climate alters—temperature, winds, rains; nature in its face and all its products is totally different. Instead of rocky beds in which, for the most part, the torrents are dry, we now have ever-flowing streams. In place of little trees almost destitute of foliage, and a few odoriferous shrubs, we find green meadows and umbrageous trees. The first place of importance on the route is Bédarieux, a thoroughly manufacturing town, likely to develop indefinitely, as it is just at the outlet of the great coal mines of Graissessac, which yield nearly 300,000 tons a year, competing with English coal in the ports of the Mediterranean. Its population numbers nearly 8,000, divided among five Roman Catholic parishes. It is, however, a Protestant centre of importance, containing 850 Protestants, while its neighbours, Graissessac and Faugères, have respectively 625 and 420 Protestant inhabitants. Bédarieux has in consequence been made the headquarters of the Consistorial Church of the district. This district stretches from Graissessac to Perpignan in the Pyrenees, a narrow strip of land seventy miles as the crow flies, and contains a Protestant population of 3,500, with six *pasteurs* and five temples.

After the two ridges of the Cevennes have been passed the line crosses the Plateau de Lazac, one of the most southern of the great *Causees*, which in this part of the mountains cover a space of nearly forty miles in length and about fifteen in breadth. They make four distinct plains, separated from each other by deep gorges, at the bottom of which run rivers. The *Causee Méjean*, the most elevated of all, the others being about seven or eight hundred feet high, is literally an island, being entirely surrounded by the waters of the Jonte, the Tarn, and the Tarnon.

These great plateaux, without a drop of water, without a tree, with scarcely a human being upon them, would be dreary indeed if it were not for the flocks of sheep that during a great part of the year find their pasture on them. Formerly they were a miserable race, but now few breeds will compare with these hardy Cevennols. They are invaluable to the district, not only on account of their flesh, but for their wool and skins, the raw material of much of the industry. From those on the *Causees* of Lazac is obtained the milk with which is made the finest cheese in France. The chief seat of this industry is a village near Tournemire, a station on the line from Bédarieux to Millau. *Fromage de Roquefort* had a name in the days of Pliny, and doubtless formed part of many a Roman banquet. In the Middle Ages Roquefort was invested by the Parliament of Toulouse with the monopoly of making it, and although the industry is spread over an area of twenty miles round, Roquefort still maintains its ancient position, making to-day a quantity of cheese nearly twenty times as great as it did at the beginning of the century. This long-continued prosperity is said to be due to the extraordinary character of the place. The village stands on the summit of a steep hill, whose sides are honey-combed with caverns which the course of nature has made in the calcareous limestone. These caverns,

which in pre-historic times are believed to have been inhabited by men of the polished-stone period, have for many centuries been used as storehouses wherein the cheeses are kept cool during the summer heat. Attempts to make artificial caverns elsewhere have not succeeded, some mysterious zephyrs of most refreshing breath appearing to play about those of Roquefort; at any rate, the belief that they do is a perennial source of wealth to its inhabitants.

In winter the snow lies at times so thick on these Causees as to oblige the inhabitants to emigrate to lower regions, and they appear to be absolutely dangerous to travellers. An *exvoto* I saw in the church of Notre Dame de la Garde, at Marseilles, representing a vehicle of some kind stopped by a snowstorm, the people suddenly delivered by the intervention of the Virgin, may have represented some escape from being frozen to death on one of these dreary heights.

From Tournemire there is a branch line to St. Affrique. The Rock of Caylus commands this town from the east, and gives it a most original look. St. Affrique was celebrated in the religious wars, and is still an important Protestant centre; out of a population of 7,300 inhabitants, it numbers 1,920 Protestants. It has three pastors, and is the seat of the consistory of the district. Jean Claude, one of the great confessors of the Reformed Church of France, was pastor here in the early days of Louis XIV.

Millau is in the very heart of the mountains, and

is the largest town in the department of Aveyron. Out of a population of more than 15,000 inhabitants, it numbers 1,190 Protestants. Once it was almost entirely a Protestant city, and its prosperity was great, but the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove away all its manufacturers.

Millau, with its fields, its orchards, and its gardens, watered by the united waters of the Tarn and the transparent Dourbie, looks all the more beautiful from the contrast it presents to the stern and sterile landscape which everywhere surrounds it. Its inhabitants are very enterprising, sending forth not only the various provisions made in the neighbourhood, but kid gloves, tanned hides and chamois skins, cloths and silks. It is curious to find the trade spirit colours even religious association here. Among the Protestant associations for mutual help, one is a glovers' and another a tanners' society.

Rodez, the diocese in which this part of the Cevennes is situated, is one of the most Catholic districts in France. In St. Affrique the Jesuits have a college, besides religious communities devoted to the instruction of the young, two male and one female. At Millau, though a town twice as populous, there is only one male fraternity and four female ones. The key to the present condition, as well as to the past history of the south of France from the earliest ages, is the struggle between the human conscience and religious authority, and this struggle has lasted for fifteen centuries, because neither party is yet victorious.

HOW TO WRITE AN ESSAY.

A PAPER FOR MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

ONE of the pleasant and hopeful features of the present age is the increasing number and usefulness of young men's literary societies. The long winter evenings in many a village and hamlet are enlivened by the intellectual stimulus which the young men's meeting supplies; while in each of the larger towns and cities, the Young Men's Christian Association holds a most important place in the civic economy. The characteristic brotherhood, and even the friendly rivalries of these societies, are well fitted to win and to retain the adhesion of young men; and those who have enthusiastically entered into the studies and debates of even one winter's curriculum have ever had an ample reward of self-improvement. The writing of essays has always deservedly held a chief place in the work of a well-ordered Young Men's Society. The annual conversazione, in which the orations and recitations of the leaders of the society are silver-edged with the lightsome songs of the fair, who on that occasion have timidly entered the lists reserved at other times for harder champions, and the monthly or quarterly debate nights, have each their own attractions and advantages. But the steady work of the session ought to embrace a goodly list of essays, to be written by the members, and read at the weekly meetings, for the mutual improvement of the members, for their comments on the subject, and for their criticisms on the matter and method of the essay. Very substantial benefits are obtained by this plan. It secures the selection of a subject of adequate importance; it directs the

thoughts of all the members to it on a certain night; and it involves the careful preparation of an essay on the subject by one of them. Thus the writing of essays and the criticising of essays have always been esteemed the most important department of the syllabus of every Young Men's Association.

There is a little difficulty in defining what an essay is. It is more than a schoolboy's exercise; but it is neither a biography nor a history, although it approaches what is called the memoir or monograph. Doubtless the meaning attached to the word "essay" has been gradually elevated by the fact that many of the master-minds of this century have issued their matured thoughts in the form of essays. It is true that Walker defines an essay as "a loose performance," and also as "an irregular indigested piece;" and in these definitions he seems to follow the meaning of the verb "to essay." But though there have been many essays which were both loose performances and irregular indigested pieces, and though the increase of Young Men's Societies may burden the world with many more equally loose and indigested, yet it is important that the higher meaning which the classics of our language have won for the word essay should be insisted on, and that nothing lower be accepted than the definition, also in Walker, "an easy, free kind of composition."

Essay-writing may be considered under the three following heads: first, the subject-matter; second, the method and style; and third, the structure of the essay.

THE SUBJECT-MATTER OF THE ESSAY.

That great authority in the art of cookery, Mrs. Meg Dodds, lays down one fundamental principle in the preparation of hare-soup—"First catch your hare." A well-defined subject is quite as indispensable in essay-writing as an actual hare in the making of that savoury soup. It is the grouping of thought around one subject which distinguishes the essay from those fragmentary and disconnected musings known as Table Talk, Odds and Ends, Random Jottings, or the miscellaneous column of a newspaper. The subject in essay-writing may thus be fully compared to the point or wire around which the myriad atoms of a saturated solution cluster and crystallise in due order and proportion according to the laws of their nature. Such being the importance of a good subject, it is little to be wondered at that the selection of the subject for an essay generally presents one of the best examples of fastidiousness and indecision. The youthful essayist scans the wide circle of literature or metaphysics; he surveys the material universe "from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," or from the lowest type of animal life up to man himself; or he sweeps in thought away from this little ball called Earth past the nearer solar system, to find, if possible, a field large enough for his budding powers in the vast expanse of the fixed stars, the shooting comets, or the hazy nebulae. As a contrast to these ambitious soarings it is refreshing to think of that genial effort of Cowper's, which he pleasantly titled "The Task," on account of the subject having been imposed by one of his lady friends, and in which he pours out his thoughts, accompanied with much beautiful description and comment, in a poem of six long books, beginning:

"I sing the Sofa. I who lately sang
Faith, Hope, and Charity, and touched with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escaped with pain from the advent'rous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humble theme;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
Th' occasion—for the Fair commands the song."

Thus subjects which at first seem barren and uninteresting, become positively attractive and engrossing as we study them. As the patient excavator of some unsightly mound is rewarded in due time by the hidden treasure, the ancient fresco, or the classic sculpture, so to the student of almost any theme new beauties unfold themselves as it is disencumbered from the obscuring ignorance which surrounds it. The pleasure and excitement of such literary searches are not the only reward. While every addition to the student's knowledge only whets his hunger for more, it is also to be remembered that every new idea increases the value of his stock in a progressive ratio much greater than the mere numerical increase. For two ideas or truths are more valuable than twice one idea or truth, and three facts are still more valuable than three times one fact. The history of every invention in arts, or of every discovery in science, exemplifies this law, because the new truth not only multiplies the value of the original fund, but it forms a stepping-stone from which to reach out to the undiscovered. While, therefore, the subject for an essay should be congenial and attractive to the writer, it is better to avoid at first high and lofty themes, and to choose rather some familiar and use-

ful topic on which to write; yet not to write till we listen to the wise words of the brilliant Jean Paul Richter: "Never write upon any subject till you have first read yourself full upon it, and never read upon any subject till you have first thought yourself hungry upon it."

So even after fixing on a subject the essay-writing does not forthwith commence, but rather the thinking upon it and the reading about it. This may be regarded as the collecting of material for the essay. It is the gathering together of the stones, bricks, mortar, wood, plaster, and slates for the house we propose to build. One may possibly write an essay on nothing; but it is utterly impossible to write an essay with nothing. "Ex nihilo, nihil fit." Now the essayist's materials may be gathered either from books, or collected by his own observation of nature, or developed by the act of his mind. At first, essayists must depend mainly upon books, the great heritage of every student. And here the benefit of every reader keeping up a commonplace-book may be remarked. In such a note-book would be entered, from time to time as each book was read, a record of important or interesting matter, a terse definition, a novel or striking idea, or even a pointed story, the name of the author and book being also quoted. The writing of these will amply repay the labour, both because it memorises the quotations, and also because it fosters a habit of observance while reading that only the important and valuable be selected for transcription.

Let it not, however, be thought that essay-writing begins and ends with the collection of the material. As well might we imagine the house finished when we had gathered together the stones and the wood and the slates. Thought will now be required to arrange the information in a systematic manner, and to present it in an agreeable form, and for this the essayist must rely upon himself. He must insist upon this, that he himself must write the essay. In one of his novels Kingsley aptly says, "Hoot man! wha'll teach a man anything except himself? It's only gentle folks and puir aristocrat bodies that go to be spoiled wi' tutors and pedagogues crammin' an' loadin' them wi' knowledge, as ye'd load a gun, to shoot it all out again, just as it went down, in a college examination, an' forget all about it after." Therefore while the necessary information is gathered from all quarters, while hands grope around for books, and eyes look abroad for knowledge, let the brains also be exercised. It was a good reply of Opie the great painter to the dilettante student who pertly inquired, "Pray, may I ask what you mix your colours with, Mr. Opie?" "With brains, sir!" was the sarcastic answer. Let the answer be remembered by every writer of essays; it leads into the second division of this paper.

THE METHOD AND STYLE OF THE ESSAY.

By method is meant the marshalling of events, or facts, or ideas in their due sequence. Many subjects, such as the historical or biographical, permit of but one arrangement, for the order of time must be followed. But a mere catalogue of events is only a chronicle. The historical or biographical essay must be more than a chronicle; it must show the connection between events and their causes, explain their bearing upon each other, and point out their results. Such an essay need not present a complete chronicle, although it must be correct as far as given. Many

of the most profitable essays present only the salient features of the time, and the chief ideas which filled men's minds and governed their actions. The essayist thus gives a clear bird's-eye view of the order and relation of the events of a period or of a life, just as the geographer does when he points out the principal headlands of the coast, the chief mountain ranges of the country, and the great rivers which traverse and fertilise the spacious valleys. The scientific essay must also to a certain extent follow the order of those events which led up to some great discovery or invention; but it must also give due prominence to the merits of these discoveries and inventions, and describe their influence upon the prosperity and happiness of man generally. These essays, the historical and the scientific, may be classed as essays on concrete subjects.

In the other class, essays on abstract subjects, a wider field is presented for the exercise of mental power. These embrace—first, the Ethical, as Truth, Honesty, Generosity, and other moral qualities; second, the Metaphysical, as Conscience, Free-will, Memory, and other mental powers; and third, the Political, as Wealth of Nations, Free Trade, Finance, and other topics connected with government and nations. These classes of essays, though more difficult than those which deal with events or persons, are more improving to the essayist, and present much more interesting opportunities of comment and criticism to those who hear them. This arises from the fact that the powers of reflection are here more called into exercise. Now reflection is one of the mental powers which is of latest growth: it does not appear in children. They are conscious even in the earliest stage of existence, but they do not reflect. The chronicle, that rudimentary phase of the historical essay, may thus be linked with the unreflective consciousness of childhood, which merely perceives and notes; while the more advanced Scientific and Abstract essays may be associated with the development of the powers of reflection in the mature mind. The simpler class of essays calls for only the power of attention, while the other demands the effort of thought.

Style is the mode in which any sequence of events is narrated, or in which connected thoughts are expressed; it is the art of choosing correct words and grouping them into sentences, paragraphs, and chapters. Grammar may be compared to the rules which guide the mason in building a house; style, to the principles which regulate the architect in planning it. The force of speaking or writing, even when grammatical, depends so much upon the style of it, that no effort should be grudged to attain a good style. Three main qualities are requisite in a good style: (1) selected words; (2) arrangement of the words and sentences; and (3) appropriate adornment.

First, the selection of correct words concerns the purity of style. It implies the exclusion of obsolete words and phrases, as well as the avoiding of provincialisms, cant, and slang expressions. In scientific essays, technical terms may be permitted; and in journals of travel, foreign words and phrases may find a place; but even in these instances the essayist must be careful to avoid pedantic display. Even with all watchfulness, it is astonishing what slips are made even by good writers, in the employment of an inappropriate word. In Gibbon's "Rise and Fall" the following instance occurs: "Of nineteen tyrants who started up after the reign of Gallienus

there was not one who enjoyed a life of peace or a natural death." Alison in his "History of Europe" writes: "Two great sins—one of omission, and one of commission—have been committed by the States of Europe in modern times." And not long since a worthy Scotch minister, at the close of the services, intimated his intention of visiting some of his people as follows: "I intend, during this week, to visit in Mr. M.'s district, and will on this occasion take the opportunity of embracing all the servants in the district." When worthies such as these offend, who shall call the bellman in question as he cries, "Lost, a silver-handled silk lady's parasol"?

Second, the proper arrangement of words into sentences and paragraphs gives clearness and strength. It should be deemed as unpardonable in any one to come before an audience with his thoughts and language in confusion as to appear with his garments in disorder. To attain a clear and pithy style it may be necessary to cut down, to re-arrange, and to re-write whole passages of an essay. Gibbon wrote his "Memoirs" six times, and the first chapter of his "History" three times. Beginners are always slow to prune or cast away any thought or expression which may have cost labour. They forget that brevity is no sign of thoughtlessness. Much consideration is needed to compress the details of any subject into small compass. Essences are more difficult to prepare, and therefore more valuable, than weak solutions. Pliny wrote to one of his friends, "I have not time to write you a short letter, therefore I have written you a long one." And so Butler, in Hudibrastic phrase, says that

"Brevity is very good

When we are, or are not, understood."

Franklin tells an amusing story, which will bear repetition here. A young man, on commencing business, proposed to paint over his shop-window, "John Thomson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money," to which was added the sign of a hat. One friend suggested that, as he made and sold hats, the word "hatter" was unnecessary. It was therefore struck out, and the sign then remained, "John Thomson makes and sells hats for ready money." Another friend advised him to omit the phrase "for ready money," as there would occur occasions for selling on credit; and so the sign read, "John Thomson makes and sells hats." It was then hinted that the buyer of the hat did not care who made it, and that the sign would be better if it read, "John Thomson sells hats." But another amputation was in store still, for a critic pointed out the uselessness of the phrase "sells hats;" for, said he, "no one would ever suppose that the hats were to be given away for nothing." Thus at last this aspiring tradesman commenced business, like many worthy successors, under the modest sign of "John Thomson."

Third, by appropriate adornment is meant the graces of style. This should be natural, not forced. If due ornament in composition be the result of study, it should be accompanied by that art which hides itself. Apparent elaborateness is always distasteful and weak. Vividness and strength are the product of an easy command of those small trenchant Saxon monosyllables which abound in the English language. What an example of clearness and strength and beauty does the terse simple language of the Bible present. Coleridge, himself a master of style, says that "intense study of the English Bible will keep

any writer from being vulgar in point of style." Simplicity and naturalness are the two ornaments of style which should be first desired. The bosky dell with ferns and lowly violets, or the breezy hillside with broom and heather, are not so valuable as the golden harvest-field or the laden orchard; but they are lovely and natural. But the flowers and daisies which children playfully stick upon thorn branches are out of place, and will soon fade and die. In due time, and in proper order, there should be added to these two primary graces the other adornments, which are usually known as the figures of speech. These figures are all, of course, the natural outcome of the mind, and are all frequently used by simple people, who would be quite surprised to be assured of the fact. The object of employing these figures of speech is to make the meaning clearer or more forcible, or to vary the flow of ideas and words. They may be classified into four groups, namely, first, Resemblance, as the simile, metaphor, etc.; second, Association, as *autonomasia*, *synecdoche*, etc.; third, Contrast, as *antithesis*, *hyperbole*, etc.; and, fourth, Arrangement, as the climax and anti-climax. It will be sufficient here to follow one idea through the varying forms which it assumes under some of these different figures, and so give one example of the effect of this department of style. Let the subject be a bold warrior fighting victoriously. This may be stated in the following eight ways: 1. Plain statement—The warrior fought boldly and victoriously. 2. Simile—He fought like a lion. 3. Metaphor—He was a lion in the fight. 4. Apostrophe—O lion of the fight! 5. Allegory—Then from his ambush the lion sprang upon his prey. 6. *Autonomasia*—The lion in him carried all before it. 7. *Synecdoche*—His lion-eye glared victory. 8. Metonymy—The lion's share was his. Every one can see that in these figures there is a reserve of power and a variety of expression, which those who desire to write forcibly and gracefully should endeavour to make their own. It is now time, however, to consider the next part of essay-writing.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE ESSAY.

Essays should in general contain, first, an introduction; second, the subject fully treated; and, third, a conclusion. There are no rules for writing introductions; but they should be easy and natural, and in harmony with the subject. Yet some writers, especially in sermons, which may be regarded as religious essays, affect a habit of masking their subject so completely that the introduction appears designed rather to lead one off the scent, when all at once, and unexpectedly, the subject is stated, and one is left to wonder what purpose the introduction served. Not so good Ebenezer Erskine in his quaint introduction to a sermon: "Not to stand in the entry, we may notice here three things," etc. Macaulay in the introduction to his celebrated essay on Milton, tells the story of the finding of an old manuscript of the poet's "Treatise on Christian Doctrine." Other examples might be cited with pleasure and profit; but these may serve to direct attention to the value of a patient study of the structure of the standard writers and a comparison of their various methods. The chief portion of the essay will be devoted to the subject, and of this part it is unnecessary to say more here than to warn the essayist against copying. Dates, events, facts, cannot of course be conjured up by a writer; they must be collected—yea, even

copied. But they must be presented with the essayist's own thoughts to explain or illustrate them. With true withering scorn did the old Roman Epictetus say to all copyists, "As well might sheep come after they had done feeding and disgorge to us the grass they had devoured, instead of digesting it into good mutton and wool." The conclusion of an essay is worthy of special thought as to its matter, and of special care as to its style. It should condense the subject into a paragraph, gathering up the sum of the essay into one dominant idea, an instructive example, a memorable warning, or a commanding incentive. The conclusion may thus be called the essence of the essay.

After this survey, it is possible to deal with the question, What are the advantages of essay-writing? First, essay-writing arranges and condenses information. Many who think themselves fully equipped upon certain subjects have their confidence rudely shaken when they begin to write upon them. Well did Lord Bacon say, "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." Second, essay-writing exercises the judgment, and thereby tends to correct erroneous opinions. Few people will admit their deficiency in judgment, however much they may lament the stint of other blessings or endowments. It is one of the advantages of essay-writing that while it requires no confession of weakness of judgment, it silently though surely develops and strengthens it by manly exercise. Third, essay-writing forms and improves the style. Every thoughtful effort to present a subject in a clear and cogent manner never fails to help towards the desired end. It has been said, "If you would learn a language, begin to teach it to others;" and similarly it may be affirmed, if you desire a mastery of good style, begin to write good essays. Considerations such as these should surely commend, to young men particularly, the practice of essay-writing. Theirs is the period of life when these benefits may be most surely gathered. "In the youth of a State, arms do flourish; in its middle age, learning; in the declining age of a State, mechanical arts and merchandise." A corresponding division may be seen in the experience of individuals. In youth are frolics and athletics; in opening manhood, learning and philosophy; until the later age comes with its hurry and pressure of business, which, though it may leave opportunities of maintaining and exercising what has been gained of intellectual ability in former years, still forbids those studies necessary to the formation of mental attainments which ought to have been sought in youth. Let no one therefore shrink from the mental exercise of essay-writing, forgetful of its advantages, and conscious only of its difficulties. To such an one we would commend the brave answer of M. de Calonne, one of the Controllers-general prior to the French Revolution. The Queen, Marie Antoinette, having requested him to do her a favour, and having added in a desponding tone, "I fear this is a difficult matter," the lively Frenchman at once replied, "Madame, if it is but difficult, it is done; if it is impossible, it shall be done."

These hints on essay-writing would be incomplete without some notice of the benefit to be derived from an acquaintance with the essays of those who have made the English language a classic tongue. These should be studied, not alone for information, but also with the view of observing the details of composition, and noting how the compact and firmly-knitted

skeleton of fact has been clothed with the twin graces of choice diction and playful fancy. What a wide and attractive field is thus open to the reader of the British essayists, full of rich variety, embellished with all the beauties of thought and expression! What a grand triumphal procession of genius and talent do these essayists form! In fancy, we think we now see them approach to lay their treasured stores at our feet. First in order, in all the dignity of wigs and ruffles, come the grey forefathers of the Essay, Addison and Steele, Goldsmith and Johnson. They may be said to have created the Essay. Their "Spectators" and "Rambles," their "Mirrors" and "Tattlers," still hold a prominent place on the shelves of every library, preserving to us so freshly the manners and modes of thought of these fine old English gentlemen of the Sir Roger de Coverley school, with his cane and knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, his abundant politeness, his high morality, and his true charity. Next in this march of intellect we observe two kindred spirits, Leigh Hunt with his "Indicator," and everybody's friend Charles Lamb with his "Elia," both of them full of quiet sensible nonsense, and quips and cranks:

"Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

Not far from such genial company we see Hazlitt, whose writings are full of distilled drops, giving the essence of volumes in a few words. As the procession moves on, we see Foster, the self-taught essayist of "Decision of Character" and "Popular Ignorance." But time would fail were we to remark on even the chiefs who now advance towards us. Let us at least pay the tribute of reverence by naming those mental giants Samuel Taylor Coleridge, De Quincey, Stephens, Jeffrey, Brougham, Macaulay. What an inheritance of intellectual wealth is here entailed on every reader of the English language! What a privilege to enjoy the company of the great minds of the past and present; and to enjoy is to profit by it! The poorest and most obscure student may lay these writers' works upon his desk, and draw from them their deepest thoughts; or he may, in his chair at the fireside, spend a golden evening with the leaders of every age. Company such as that, study such as that, and fellowship such as that, will prove the best aids and incentives to Essay-writing.

HINDRANCES TO HEALTH.

EVERY one is agreed as to the value of health. It might be expected therefore that every one would be anxious to know the best means of preserving so great a blessing. When health is lost, due respect is given to the physician who professes to restore it, but "prevention is better than cure" as to bodily as well as all other ailments and evils. On this principle it is wise to attend to any advice which concerns the preservation of health.

There are many circumstances of an accidental and unavoidable kind by which health is impaired. Excessive labour, mental anxiety, undue exposure, noxious atmosphere, and many other conditions may be given as examples. But apart from outward and physical enemies to health there are certain moral foes, against which the young especially need to be warned.

The chief of these are Ignorance, Prejudice, and Custom, about which we find some sensible hints in a recent French writer on Hygiene, or the art of preserving health.

To begin with Ignorance. There assuredly exists about all questions that concern the bodily organisation and elementary training an ignorance really extraordinary, a want of attention and reflection astonishing. We have known a respectable woman—and she is not, perhaps, the only one of her class—who for all complaints began by administering a strong dose of physic.

We perceive this ignorance, alas! among people of a certain age who have not had the means of self-instruction, but this ignorance becomes unpardonable now that so many opportunities of learning are within the reach of all who are willing to be instructed.

In default of science, strictly so called, the observation of facts, reflection, and judgment render eminent services. Why then do people seek so little to take notice of what passes within their presence of the events and incidents of life? The cultivator of our fields learns how to know very well what kind of forage diminishes the quantity or the quality of the milk of his cows, and he gives them as little as possible of such forage; whereas when this food or that beverage incommodes many people, either through weakness of mind, or gluttony, or fear of public opinion, they go on using, or rather abusing, this food or beverage until some disease lays them on a bed of suffering, or exposes them to many other privations which they might not have been obliged to endure.

Learn, then, and reflect. If ignorance, or want of reflection, is to be banished for ever, we must not be unmindful of its sad causes—prejudice and bad habit, not to mention the want of individual exertion. Prejudice is the fruit of ignorance, ignorance presuming and lazy at the same time, which makes war against truth, and is not content with only turning its back to it. "Prejudice," says Franklin, "is the mouldiness of the mind; it is not found but where information does not enter."

One of the most widespread sorts of prejudice is the belief that nature is alone sufficient, and that man finds in himself, as every animal does, by instinct, the principle and rule of action necessary for his preservation. Now, nothing is more ill-founded than this opinion. God has implanted in man and in animal the principle of preservation; but how different are their fundamental principles! Let us cite on this subject some of the words of the celebrated Dr. Cruveilhier: "Man is subject to thirst, to hunger; he requires repose after fatigue, sleep after watching, heat when he is cold, the refreshing breeze during summer, and each one of his sensations corresponds to the desire and the need which must be ever satisfied; but whilst in the animal these necessities and internal impulses are always precise and always certain—commanding naturally and without effort certain acts which require no experience, these same sensations remain obscure and vague in man when intelligence is not applied to them, and their natural satisfaction has at times great dangers if not directed by experience. What is more natural in fact and more according to instinct than to eat when man is hungry, to drink when thirsty, to repose when he is tired? And yet it is undoubted that an abundant meal after prolonged fasting, that a beverage fresh or cool after a very rapid course of running, and that repose or sleep upon a damp and cold ground may be a cause

of disease and death. Instinct is not, then, an infallible guide, and ought to be watched and directed by experience and by reason.

What shall we say also of the spirit of Custom, or a disposition to follow the routine that our ancestors have pursued, for fear of trying something new, or fear of the unknown, or disinclination of modifying our habits, of changing the forms taken long ago? Custom is something inert or passive, and is like a person who does not know whence he came nor where he is going, who walks with downcast head on the path where he is and finds himself satisfied, if not glorying, in not searching nor progressing. What shall we say of habit, but that it is as dangerous as prejudice and ignorance, and that it makes every day thousands of victims? How many children have become deformed, ill-made—how many have died because they have been imprisoned closely in swaddling clothes that prevented them from making any movement, which hindered the action of the heart and of the lungs, and rendered the care and duty of cleanliness excessively difficult?

We will end with a citation from a famous doctor: "We find that hygiene encounters thousands of difficulties, because it has for a pivot moderation, and because the retrenchment it prescribes is somewhat severe and tiresome; so that people evade it when they can, for they imagine when they are in health that this is a fund which will never be exhausted; and in fact we attach in general so much the less importance to things as they the more merit it: for ignorance of the very elementary conditions for preservation of health is unfortunately a common fact, and it is so much the more to be lamented as people scarcely think of departing from it. Luxury, fashion, temper, indifference, caprice, ignorance, these form the formidable coalition that hygiene or the care health finds everywhere."

Let us banish, then, from our way of living these strange and dangerous elements, and let us strive to arrive at having really good health, which consists in a sound mind and a sound heart in a sound body. Such is surely our reasonable duty to God, to man, and to ourselves.

Varieties.

TRICKS OF THE PAPER TRADE.—The practice of adding earthy matter to paper is very old. The French, many years ago, frequently added whiting, washed chalk, or carbonate of lime to their stock. By this addition the weight of the paper was increased at a very cheap rate, but its strength and other useful qualities was diminished. After the fraud had been long known, Scholl, in 1858, actually obtained a British patent for paper so made, because it had the property of converting the writing made by pale ink at once to quite black marks. This property depends upon the immediate decomposition of the ink. The best inks containing iron are at first pale, and become dark only by exposure to the air after they have been absorbed by the paper, and have become intimately combined with it. If such inks become quite black, as they often do, from the faulty and wasteful inkstands generally in use, the ink put upon the paper lies more on the surface, and is far more easily removed. But the addition of chalk at once decomposes the ink, and puts it into a worse condition for its future preservation. Here arises a curious question: A man adds chalk to paper fraudulently, but another man has found that this paper has a peculiar property, which, as above shown, is, after all, undesirable, and he obtains a patent—for what? For finding that a certain kind of fraudulent paper has this property. Should he have a mono-

poly of making this known paper simply because he has discovered one of its properties? Then, we find sulphate of lime, or plaster of Paris, added to the paper. This, like the last-mentioned substance, does not combine with, nor directly attach itself to, the paper stock, and in no wise improves, but in many ways deteriorates the paper. Under various names substances have been advertised, and specimens said to contain, in one case, three hundred per cent. of the substance have been circulated. But sulphate of lime is soluble in water, and the compounds as furnished to paper-makers already contain a large quantity of water. So, to use plain English, paper-makers purchase an article to cheat their customers, and meanwhile are themselves cheated. This may be illustrated by a statement we have found in a technical publication. A paper-maker of old standing was interested in a mill managed by the younger members of his firm, and found that they had been tempted by the asserted properties to purchase largely of one of these articles. After several hundred pounds has been expended, it seemed that the paper was neither improved in appearance nor increased in weight, and the old paper-maker, who was a practical chemist, was called upon to explain the mystery. He took a sheet of paper, and after drying it, weighed it, then burned it carefully and weighed the ash. This weight he found to be but little more than that of the pure paper stock—proving that the substance with its wonderful properties had been dissolved and carried off—going down the mill-stream with the hundreds of pounds paid for it. Sulphate of baryta is another substance which has been used for this purpose, as well as for adulterating white lead, on account of its great specific gravity. But it has no affinity for the fibre, and on account of its great weight it is very difficult to keep it in suspension with the paper stock. What does go over with it falls to the under side of the sheet before it becomes consolidated, giving an unequal appearance to the two sides. At present the only useful addition employed is Kaolin, or Chinese clay, or some similar aluminous compound. This has the property of closely attaching itself to the paper stuff, and gives the desired opacity and a good surface, while it takes well both printing and writing ink, and above all adds to the weight of the paper. We doubt whether, if it were not for this and its contributing to the present fashion for a dazzling white and opaque paper, it would be used at all. But the use of this substance requires an increased quantity of size, and an excess is, for any really good paper, absolutely injurious. Specimens of paper have been made said to contain various proportions of Kaolin up to one hundred per cent. It was made, in fact, of half clay and half paper stuff! Such are some of the swindles of the paper trade. Fortunately the respectable makers have nothing to do with these devices, and stationers, by dealing with them, have some sort of guarantee that the commodity is an honest one. "Loading" paper is in reality a disgrace to our national industry, and no hesitation need be felt in exposing it.—*Printer and Stationer.*

THE INHABITANTS OF A DROP OF WATER.—It may interest some of your readers to learn that in a single drop of water obtained from pits in the south-west corner of Hale-moss, Bowden, Cheshire, we obtained the following: Vorticella, Brachionus, *Rotifer vulgaris*, Paramecium, Cyclops, Salpina, Volvox, Stentors, Epistylia, *Trachelium ovum*, Vibrio, Spyrogyra, Closterium, Navicula, Diatoms various, and a host of small animalcules scarcely visible with the one-inch objective which we were using; also some larvæ and other creatures which we could not name.—*R. A. B., in "Science Gossip."*

FISH FARMING.—The Editor of the "Fishing Gazette," a paper devoted not only to angling as a sport but to fishing as a source of wealth, says: "I am very glad indeed to find that gentlemen in this country are willing to try fish-farming. Prince Bismarck breeds fish at Varzin, and nearly every other German landowner does the same, where there are suitable waters. The carp-breeding ponds of the Princes of Schwarzenberg produce annually about 500,000 pounds weight of this fish, which is said to grow there at the rate of three pounds a year. In this country fresh-water fish are valued in proportion to the amount of sport they give the angler; on the Continent, in proportion to the amount and quality of food they yield. The primary object of the Berlin International Fisheries Exhibition (which was held this year) was to 'increase the supply of fish as food.' Models, plans, drawings, etc., of every known kind of apparatus used in fish-farming were exhibited—even from China and Japan. British landowners who visited Berlin must have learned that we are almost the only nation which does not value fish-culture."